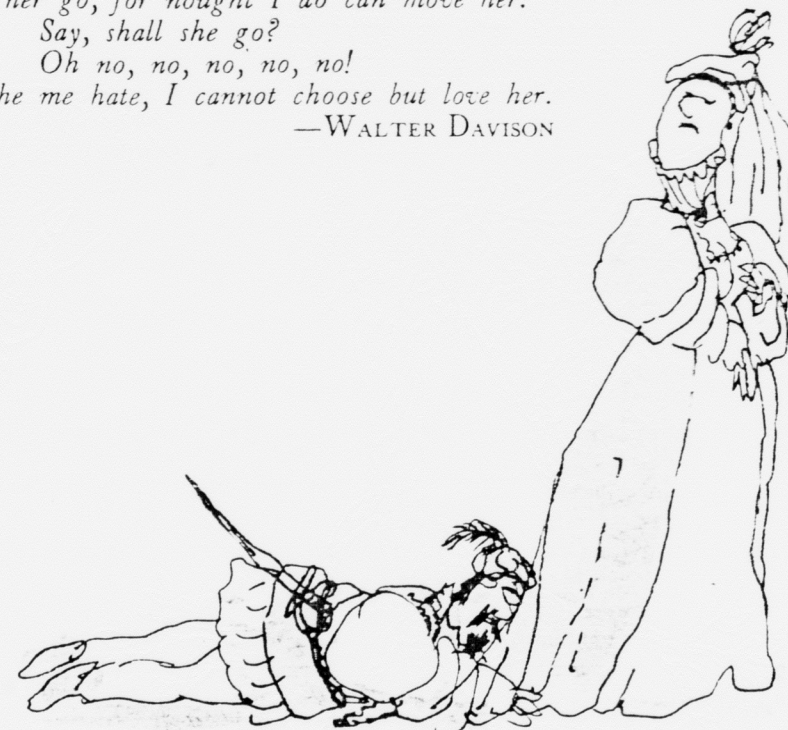


## ELIZABETHAN LOVE



Heart, let her go, for nought I do can move her.  
 Say, shall she go?  
 Oh no, no, no, no, no!  
 Though she me hate, I cannot choose but love her.  
 —WALTER DAVISON



Have I found her? O rich finding!  
 Goddess-like for to behold,  
 Her fair tresses seemly binding  
 In a chain of pearl and gold.  
 Chain me, chain me, O most fair,  
 Chain me to thee with that hair!  
 —ANON.



At liberty I sit and see  
 Them, that have erst laughed me to scorn,  
 Whipped with the whip that scourged me:  
 And now they ban that they were born.  
 —ANON.



The birds upon the trees  
 Do sing with pleasant voices,  
 And chant in their degrees  
 Their loves and lucky choices:  
 When I, whilst they are singing,  
 With sighs mine arms am wringing.  
 —THOMAS LODGE

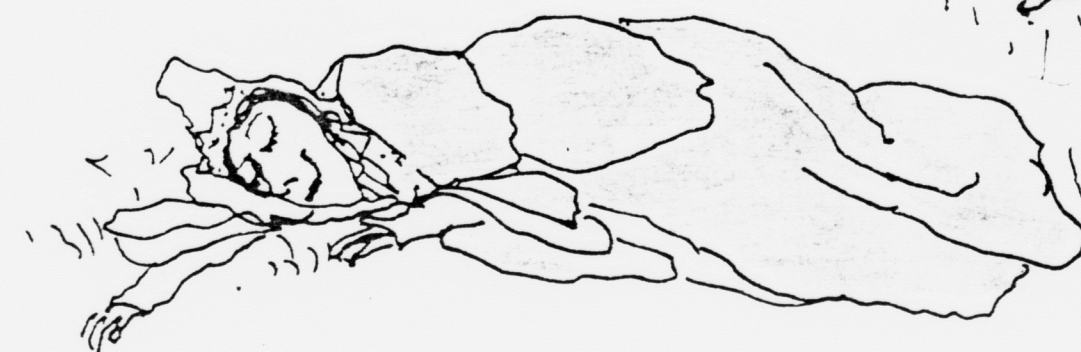


Love all the senses doth beguile  
 And bleareth all our eyes;  
 It cuts off freedom of the mind  
 And makes us gape for flies.  
 —JAMES SANDFORD



Take heed of gazing overmuch  
 On damsels fair, unknown:  
 For oftentimes the snake doth lie  
 With roses overgrown;  
 And under fairest flowers  
 Do noisome adders lurk;  
 Of whom take heed, I thee aceed,  
 Lest that thy cares they work.  
 —THOMAS RICHARDSON

Thou sleepest fast, and I with woeful heart  
 Stand here alone sighing and cannot fly:  
 Thou sleepest fast, when cruel Love his dart  
 On me doth cast, alas, so painfully!  
 Thou sleepest fast, and I, all full of smart,  
 To thee, my foe, in vain do call and cry:  
 Any yet, methinks, though thou sleepest fast  
 Thou dreamest still which way my life to wast.  
 —ANON.



W. S. J.